THE THREE J'S:
Jewish, Jersey & Ginger
a Kyle Broflovski Zine

Hello, fellow Kyle enjoyer, and welcome to:

THE THREE J'S:

Jewish, Jersey & Ginger!

a Kyle Broflovski Zine

After our previous zine's success,
a thought crept up on me.
The subject of Kyle ships has always been a
matter of controversy, so I thought, what if we did
something where all Kyle fans can contribute?
A fanzine where we can put our differences aside
to create something beautiful for our favorite
angry boy. Where we focus on him and him only,
his qualities, his flaws, his many personas and
everything that makes Kyle who he is.

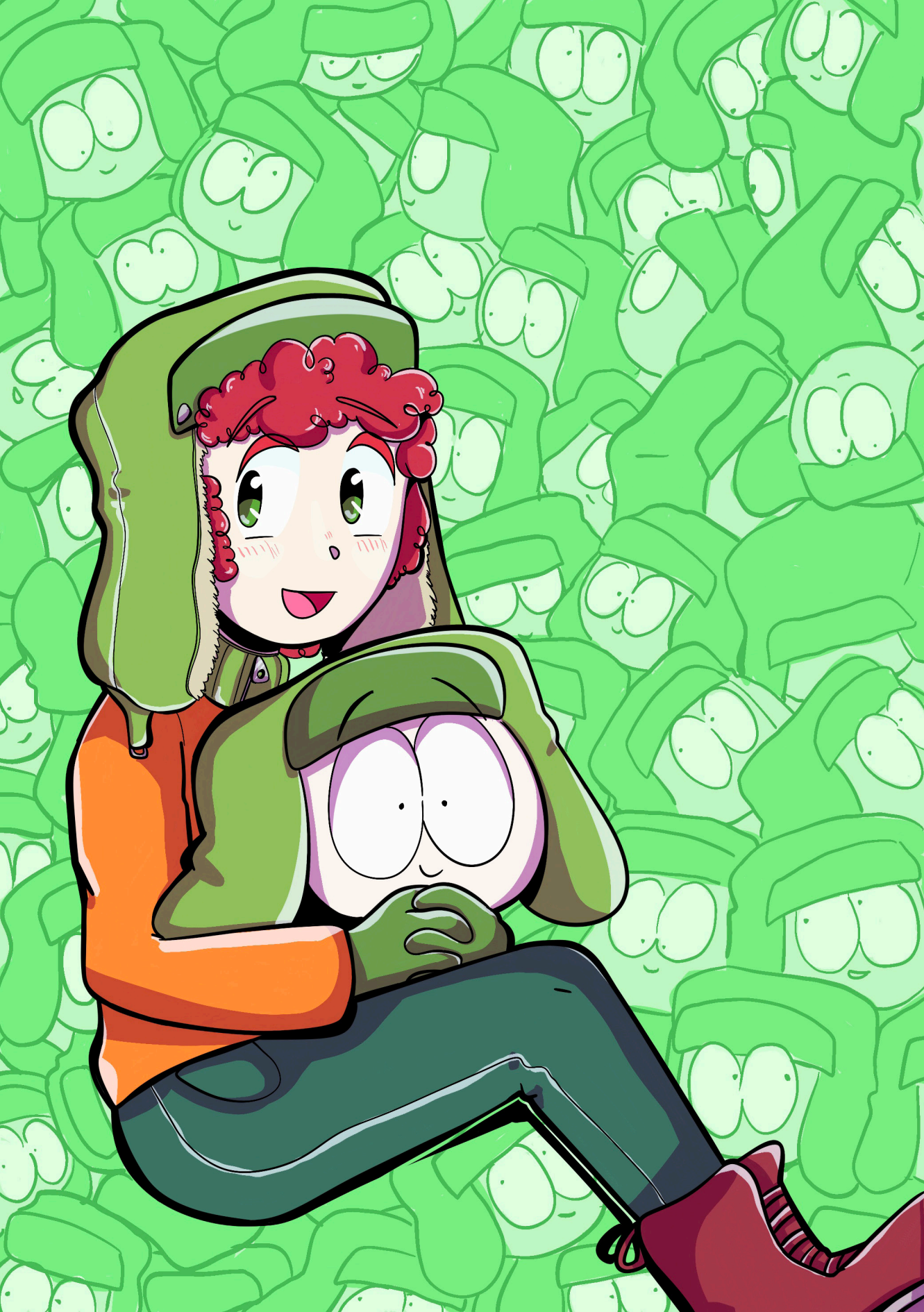
And so was born
The Three J's: Jewish, Jersey & Ginger,
a project with the sole purpose of showcasing our
endless love and appreciation for this little guy,
who, without a shadow of a doubt,
has changed many lives.
Thank you for joining us in this journey,
and we hope you enjoy it!

Here's to you, **Kyle Broflovski!**

KYLE'S MIND
PRESS START!
DIAN IRY

DIAN IRA

F★NGEDBANG
MMXXII
Sam
@MESAMSTAS



ghastly homes

todonosumari

Th3
Geo

Th3
Geo

M.A.C.

!
!?
!!!
?
...
@ps_paraiso

Ferni-SPArT

Kyle Zine!
Blehh.cz

KYLE
KYLEY-B
Matt☆
Honney

WHAT DID U LEARN TODAY?
SPEACH
Matt☆ Honney
You bastard!
BFF
FRIENDS?
Visitor
Facebook
friends
#searchlightninjagame
Farm game
play

Song of the Sea

Penny Fabula

Travelers from any part of Zaron have a saying: ‘Elven Kingdom’s greatest strength is hidden from prying eyes.’ This phrase is commonly said because the actual kingdom itself cannot be found easily. To some it is a maze; others, a pathway that leads you out of the forest but will lead you right back where you came in.

However, its young king would disagree. For Kyle, that is pure rubbish. It is commonly known for a kingdom to not share its advantage to just any other realm.

For Kyle, it’s the sea close to it. In case any war should be waged without warning, especially with the two neighboring kingdoms, Kupa Keep and Darkness. Both realms have their arsenal at the ready. There are ships docked by the sea for the king to use and have his countrymen escape the brewing turmoil. The sea offers a variety of fish and other sea creatures for the people and its kingdom to survive, aside from the meat the hunters would provide in their hunts, and the shells that are found in the sand are the exact shells the old people use for cottage decorations. These resources are enough for the survival of Elven kin.

Kyle loves the sea.

The sea is always so peaceful at night. He loves staying out here, even for a little while. The cold wind hugging his skin, the waves kissing his feet and the full moon shining down upon him, reflecting on the dark waters.

“I wonder what the Goddess of Stars will show me tonight,” he whispers as he looks up, the leaves on his wreath taking flight.

“Kyle?”

The elf king turns his head, seeing his younger Canadian brother. The small noiret is holding his beloved stuffed whale, Willzyx, while rubbing the sleep out of his eye. He is not far away from Kyle, so the redhead walks over to him.

Song of the Sea

"Ike, what are you doing out of your quarters? Shouldn't you be fast asleep?" He kneels in front of him, wrapping the blue cloak he is wearing around Ike's shoulders.

Ike yawns before frowning, hugging the stuffed toy tighter.

"I had a nightmare."

Kyle smiles sadly then notices Ike is hiding the old ushanka the king used to wear behind Willzyx. Ike hands it to him, and Kyle places it on his own head, underneath his wreath.

"Do you want to talk about it?"

Ike whispers no but steps forward to hug Kyle, resting his head on the redhead's shoulder. Kyle carries him, finding it a bit difficult but he doesn't voice it out; instead, he walks towards the shore.

"How did you know I was here, Ike?" Kyle asks, trying to remember if he ever mentioned it to him.

Ike asks to be put down when he sees the sea foam behind his brother. Kyle holds his hand tightly, and tells him to raise Willzyx higher if he is going to carry him. The noiret would be upset if the stuffed animal were to be damaged.

"You told me you love the sea," Ike says, the sound of the waves crashing upon the shore almost drowning his tiny voice. "Ike wonders why."

Kyle hums, looking far ahead. They feel a few fishes swimming by their feet, emitting a giggle from Ike.

He can tell Ike all the practical reasons why. But there's two other reasons only the king knows.

"Because this is where I found you, Ike."

It is no secret that the brothers are not related by blood. Kyle found Ike one day, floating a short distance from the shore in a tiny box. The panic and fear he felt could not be described when he had curiously waded through the water to investigate and saw a baby inside. Kyle's parents had concluded that he came from the lands of Canada, and Kyle begged his parents to embrace Ike as their own.

And thankfully, the now late King and Queen of the Elven Kingdom fell in love with the strange little boy from the distant lands. But the Canadian king, after learning the fate of his lost son, hastily assembled his army to retrieve the prince in the Elven kingdom. Surprisingly, the entirety of the Elven army stood at the king's doorstep along with the missing prince, unharmed.

The elves would claim the boy as their own. For absurdly leaving the young one unattended, left, by great mystery, to be found in Elven lands. By that event, the Canadian king had found the Elves' actions and provocation insufferable.

The king's wrath was short lived, however, when the Elven prince stepped forth to defend his self-proclaimed half brother and raised his sword against the King of Canada, fearlessly so. Seeing the prince's act of brotherhood towards his son, the Canadian king raised his sword, stepped back and stabbed the ground with both hands gripping the hilt of the blade to show his respect towards Kyle.

The Broflovskis encouraged the Canadians to visit whenever they could, and Kyle didn't mind that arrangement. Ike was happy, and that was all that mattered to him.

"But." Ike tugs on Kyle's hand. "This is where Mother and Father died too."

Kyle nods, rubbing soothing circles on Ike's knuckles. That is the other reason why the young king loves visiting the sea.

Late Queen Sheila and King Gerald weren't the kindest rulers in Zaron. However, the brothers love them so, even now, so long after their passing. They have learned the truth that their parents had always put them first, forever committed to protecting them and the kingdom, and Kyle is doing everything in his power to do the same.

They had died during the war with the Darkness kingdom, and Kyle had prepared the traditional funeral. Royalty should be buried in holy grounds, specifically made for them; however, the redhead did not want that. The neighboring kingdoms are known for their misuse of necromancy. He could not be complacent.

That was why he had the soldiers rest his parents on the largest ship they possessed, and let it sail off toward the horizon. With Kyle's signal,

the archers had let their burning arrows fly in the sky and hit the ship. It took all of the young king's willpower to not shed a tear on the shore, as he held his crying brother in his arms.

He can still hear his parents whisper in his ear, when the night is deadly silent. He knows too well that the sea carries stories in the wind. Stories told by the dead buried deep underwater. Luring you in. To join them.

However, for Kyle, it is the comfort of memories that always bring him back here. Back when he would wake his parents as soon as a ray of sunlight peeked into his room. He would drag them to the shore, with little Ike, and the family would spend the morning basking in the sun. The brothers would create tiny castles in the sand, and their father would tell them stories of other ancient kingdoms.

"Kyle?"

Kyle smiles at Ike, realizing he has been quiet, missing memories that will be impossible to recreate.

"My apologies, I was just thinking of Mother and Father."

"I miss them too," Ike admits and stands closer to Kyle. "But you said they are in a happier place now. I can't wish for them to come back if they'll just be unhappy here."

"That is very courageous of you to face the truth," Kyle says, noticing a small white butterfly glide on top of Ike's hair.

"Besides, I have you, don't I?"

Kyle fights back the urge to sob when he sees his younger brother look at him with certainty and brotherly love. The smile that stretches underneath his eyes, showing off his missing tooth, is enough for Kyle's heart to burst into happiness.

Ike trusts him to stay by his side. And Kyle doesn't think he has it in him to break that trust.

"Yes, you do, Ike." He holds on to the noiret's hand tighter.

They stand on the shore in silence, listening to the waves crash harshly, and watching as a few flowers carried by the wind rest on the

water. With how silent it is, Kyle is sure Ike is nearly on the verge of falling asleep. And sure enough, the young Canadian tries to muffle a yawn using his stuffed toy.

"Do you wish to hear a lullaby?" Kyle asks, and chuckles softly when Ike stares up at him with eyes battling to stay awake.

"A lullaby?"

"It is not Mother's, however I have heard the Great Bard sing it to a young elf."

Ike's eyes sparkle like the stars. "I love Jimmy's ballads. Ike did not know he sang lullabies."

Kyle doesn't tell him that he composed it himself. He owes the bard an apology, but he is quite embarrassed to admit that he writes poems and songs in secret. Jimmy would understand if he were to find out, however the redhead knows the bard would demand for a written copy of the lullaby in case Ike requests it to him.

"I'm listening."

"Hush now, mo stóirín

Close your eyes and sleep

Waltzing the waves

Diving in the deep,"

He starts to sing softly. He does not have the alluring voice of the choir maidens, nor the intriguing tone of the bard. He sings nonetheless, watching Ike walk forwards. Kyle doesn't stop him, since it seems like the noiret fancies a shell that he has spotted. A memory of him and Ike flashes in his mind. They used to pick shells and stones, and give each other one that has the color of the other's eye.

Kyle has kept all of them. He is unaware Ike has asked a blacksmith to make one of the stones into a pendant, the very same pendant the little prince wears when they are out for a diplomatic endeavor.

Song of the Sea

"Stars are shining bright

The wind is on the rise

Whispering words

Of long lost lullabies,"

Apparently, it is not a shell that caught Ike's attention. It is a greenstone. Kyle has seen it in the shop primarily filled with pendants and brooches. A particular one that intrigued him was a greenstone polished to perfection and is shaped, at least to him, similar to the letter 'S'. He had asked the old woman who runs the shop as to why it is shaped like that, and she had told him that traditionally, the shape is depicted with the head of a bird, the body of a man or the tail of a fish. It represents the sky, earth and sea and the balance between them.

Ike walks up to him and hands the greenstone to Kyle. Upon closer inspection, it is not large enough for a pendant and not the right color for a Manaia pendant. However, it is big enough for a Hei Matau, and that kind of pendant is perfect for Ike. A pendant that is in the shape of a fish hook and it represents strength, prosperity, abundance, and a great respect for the sea.

"Treasure it, and please continue singing."

And Kyle does, because who is he to deny his younger brother's wishes? He carries Ike, who nuzzles his face against his older brother's shoulder. Kyle closes his eyes, feeling the cold wind breeze by them. He can hear his mother's laughter, his father's command, and the countrymen who sadly lost the fight. They all have one wish: for Elven to prosper.

"Oh won't you come with me

Where the moon is made of gold

And in the morning sun

We'll be sailing

Oh won't you come with me

Where the ocean meets the sky

And as the clouds roll by

We'll sing the song of the sea,"

"Ah."

Kyle shakes his head when he sees Willzyx being carried by the waves. Ike has definitely fallen asleep, given that he has loosen his grip on the toy and the wetness the redhead feels on his shoulder. And also the soft snores. He bends down to retrieve the whale toy and senses a presence behind him.

The soft bump on his leg is enough for him to determine who it is.

"Why, good evening, Sparky."

He turns around and sees the canine, looking up at him with beady eyes. His owner chuckles as he walks closer to the king and the young prince. Sparky is smart enough to not make any noises, lest Ike would have woken up.

"What? No greetings for me?"

Kyle smiles as he hands Stan the toy. The knight bows his head.

"Good evening, Stanley."

"I assume that little Ike has followed you?"

"A nightmare."

Kyle sighs. The redhead silently hopes that Ike will have a better sleep, free of nightmares and horrible memories. Ike might not tell him about it, but Kyle has an idea on what it could be. They are brothers, after all. And the Canadian child has experienced deadly situations that a young child shouldn't have been exposed to.

"I will bring him back to his quarters," Stan says, arms already stretched open to retrieve Ike. "I am aware you prefer to be alone but please follow us soon."

The king laughs as he carefully hands over Ike, making sure his head is secured. He can tell his brother is uncomfortable due to Stan's armor but he is safe. He trusts the knight as much as he trusts every single person

in Elven. They are his people, and he protects them as much as they do towards the royal family.

"I will follow shortly. I just need a few moments."

The knight nods. Without any other question, he and Sparky bid the king farewell and make their way back into the castle. Kyle watches them disappear from his view and he takes a deep breath. His grip on the greenstone tightens. He bends down and dips both of his hands into the water, the tip of fingers glowing brightly. He closes his eyes once more, a soft smile on his lips, feeling the love of his parents and the people passing through his hands.

"Elven misses you. Though, do not fret. We are doing alright, and we will never forget."

He stands straight, opening his emerald eyes that shine under the moonlight. He is about to go back, but he senses something has changed. Kyle unclenches his fist. A Hei Matau pendant rests on his palm.

Kyle loves the sea.

VIBRATING BLONDE CHILD
2022/MAR

POOT!
POOT!
POOT!
POOT!
POOT!

MOBY DICK

BATTER UP
VANILLAFFODIL

Re:
Wild '22

KYLeY-B
@K3nny5Hc11

KYLEY-B
FERCRISH

@glimmur_

mai

COWS
01
I GOT BALLS DUDE

WILL YOU...

@jay1vee

A Chance To Bloom

Gemneedscoffee

The puffy clouds above Kyle's head barely concealed the sun as he kneeled down to plant another bed of flowers, wiping sweat from his forehead.

"And I bloom, just for you," Kyle sang under his breath as he worked, not wanting his friends to overhear. He wasn't sure why he'd worn an especially warm green hat today, but he sure was regretting it. On the plus side, the flowers were going to look gorgeous when he was done, the redhead could just tell.

"Why again do we have to fucking help with *your* community service?" Cartman called from behind Kyle, his own flower bed filling out quickly as he planted faster than Kyle expected. Even Stan was slower than Cartman.

"Shut the fuck up, fatboy," Kyle heard Kenny say from off to his side somewhere, "we're getting free food for this!"

"Oh," Cartman grunted, "right."

"Gee, thanks for the support guys." Kyle rolled his eyes, just as something in the corner of his vision caught his attention.

It was a small hole, though it was quickly growing, in the flower bed to Kyle's left. Curious, the redhead crawled over to it, too caught up in the sight to think about all the dirt he was getting on his clothes as he made his way across fresh soil to get a look at it. When he finally reached it, he realized he was at the base of the only tree in the garden, an old thick oak tree.

"What the fuck?" Kyle murmured, staring down at the void opening up in the earth as the soil swirled open to reveal nothing but open space. "What's happening?"

"Hey Jew-boy, what are you doing?" Cartman's voice called out from behind him, startling the redhead, and that was it. He'd tipped forward right into the void, now falling down, and down, and down. As he fell

he managed to twist just in time to watch the hole close above him, preventing him from returning through it, or, equally as important, anyone following him in.

Kyle Broflovski was alone, and there was nothing he could do about it.

That is, until he landed flat on his back on the earthen floor of a forest.

"Ow," he groaned, taking a moment to make sure he hadn't broken anything. When he felt like he might be okay enough to stand, he glanced around at his surroundings, the expanse of forest more than a little intimidating.

"I said I'd fucking garden, not that I'd like to fall into the full-on wild!" Kyle cried, shaking with a bit of fear that he hadn't noticed creeping up on him. "Where the fuck even *is* this place, what's it doing under South Park?"

But he didn't have much time to wonder. A crack of a branch was the only warning he had that he might not be alone before he felt the tight material of a net closing around him, pulling him up until he was trapped and suspended above the ground.

"Woah!" Kyle shouted as he was dragged up to the tree branches. He glanced around wildly in fear, his heart pounding.

"Fucking seriously?" he groaned, trying to calm himself as he wondered who could have seen him crashing down with all of the forestry around him. It didn't seem logical. But there was no sign of anyone, and-

Well, of course, there hadn't been much logic to this so far – why should he expect any now?

But then there was a loud shout. "I've got him!" a familiar voice cried, and Kyle's head snapped in the direction of the sound. How did he know that voice? Who could it be?

Oh, right! He'd barely had time to place the voice when a tuft of blonde hair appeared, followed by the rest of the blonde hair adorning the head of a...very oddly dressed Butters Stotch.

"Butters?!" Kyle cried. "Did you fucking trap me?!"

"Wah!!!" the blonde cried, eyes wide as he stared up at the redhead.

"How do you know my name?"

Kyle sighed, already feeling frustrated. Which was...pretty typical when it came to his feelings about Butters. "Gee, maybe because we've known each other our whole lives, Butters."

The blonde huffed. "Well, will you stop calling me Butters, then? It's *Paladin* Butters to you, supposed friend of mine!"

Paladin Butters? "I'm not calling you that," Kyle replied flatly.

"Wait..." Butters froze, leaning up on his toes to get a better look in the dimly lit forest at the person in his net. "Is...oh, goodness! I'm so sorry, my King!"

King? "Huh?" Kyle asked, confused, as Butters rushed over to a nearby tree and cut the ropes, suddenly sending Kyle crashing to the ground before he could even say another word. "Oh fuckkkk, *ow*."

"My King!" The blonde rushed over to Kyle. "I can't believe it's you!" Butters cried. "We all thought you'd died!"

DIED?! What in the fuck- "Butters, what the hell are you talking about?" Kyle demanded, rubbing his lower back gently to see the extent of the pain. He'd landed none too comfortably on his ass, and was praying now that nothing was damaged.

Immediately, the blonde got a far-off look in his eyes. "It was a deadly expedition, the Wizard said so! But you convinced him and the Princess that you'd be fine, and went alone!" Butters recounted, catching Kyle up on apparently his own tale. "You said it was a very important task, to save Royal Knight Stan for Lady Testaburger. She was ready to beat you up as it was for deliberating so long."

Kyle was stunned, as well as slightly enraptured by the tale. "And I- I mean, did I save him?"

Butters tilted his head. "Now, how would I know a thing like that, my King? You've only just now returned."

Oh, fuck. Kyle felt sick at the realization. "So then Stan..."

Butters clapped excitedly. "Yeah, yeah, tell me! Did he make it out

alive? Has he gone on ahead back to Kupa Keep? Oh, golly, I'm on the edge of my seat!"

Kyle stared Butters in the eyes. "Tell me now, please, if this is a game. Because if Stan's life is in danger-"

Butter's eyes widened. "Oh, hamburgers! What if someone wiped your memory!"

Kyle shook his head. "I don't- that's not what I meant-"

But Butters was on a roll now. "Come on, let's go see the Wizard! He'll know what to do!"

The Wizard, huh? Well, at least that person might be more sensible than Butters, Kyle thought, as he nodded and let Butters help him to his feet.

The walk to Kupa Keep was pretty quick; or at least, Kyle realized upon reflection, it *would* have been if Butters hadn't stopped for flowers every few feet. But at long last they made it, and Kyle was brought to the Wizard's chambers with great haste.

Only to have his prayers die as he came face to face with the least sensible person Kyle had ever known.

"Cartman?!" Kyle cried, pinching his nose. "Oh, god damnit."

"No, no, but good guess," Cartman laughed graciously, still facing away from Kyle. "It *is* true that I'm about the closest thing to God you'll find around here."

"Will you just shut up and take this seriously!" Kyle shouted. "Butters says Stan is missing!"

The brunette sighed, exaggeratedly. "Yes, yes, we all know about the hippie- wait," he stopped himself, and spun around to face Kyle, revealing the dark purple robes with intricate patterning, paired with the giant hat atop his head. "Kyle?!"

Kyle scoffed. "What, are you gonna call me a king too?"

Butters chose that moment to chime in. "See, Wizard! He's lost his memory!"

Kyle shook his head. “No! No! We’re supposed to be gardening!”

“Oh, hamburgers!” Butters cried, knocking his knuckles together. “He’s even worse than I thought!”

“And what? I’m supposed to fix him?” Cartman laughed, ignoring Kyle now to talk to Butters. “I’m not a short order Wizard.”

Now that was just insulting. “I don’t need *help*!” Kyle cried. “I need to know why I’m still stuck here, when I’m supposed to be gardening!”

“Gardening?” a high pitched voice spoke from seemingly nowhere. “Now doesn’t *that* just sound like a boring...tedious...exhausting activity for such a strong King to be doing, when he could be doing me instead?”

“Quit flirting!” Cartman snapped. “No one needs you here, Princess.”

“Oh, but I think you do, big boy.” The voice spoke again, and suddenly Kyle knew exactly who it belonged to. “Don’t forget, you and I still have an arrangement for later, you handsome Wizard-”

“Kenny?!” Kyle cried, glancing around desperately. “Kenny! For the love of god stop flirting and help me!”

“How rude!” Butters cut in. “She’s a Princess and deserves to be referred to with her title!”

“Thank you, Leo,” Kenny purred. “I think you deserve a reward for being so good too, baby. How about later after I catch up with the Wizard we meet up and I show you my-”

Oh god, Kyle was going to be sick. This was much too much to picture. “Enough with the flirting! I don’t give a crap about titles!” Kyle cried, interrupting. “If Stan is in danger, we need to be moving now! Not standing around hitting on each other.”

“Oh, for crying out- bring him here,” the disembodied voice of Kenny demanded, and Kyle was dragged by Butters until he was brought face to face with a floating portal, the glowing face of Kenny staring back at him, smirking.

But of course it couldn’t just simply be Kenny. The Kenny of this world wore a blonde wig, and had a pretty crown on top of his - her? - head.

"Ooh, yeah, I'd know that face anywhere," she said, "but you're definitely not him."

Oh, thank god, someone understood what Kyle was trying to say, or at least he hoped so. "So, you mean to say I *don't* look like your king?" Kyle asked.

Kenny nodded. "No, you do. It's just...you're not him."

"How do you know?" Kyle pleaded.

"Because I'd know him anywhere," Kenny replied. "There's many things he and only he would know about our adventures together forging the Elven kingdom into the powerhouse it is today."

"Shut up about the Elves!" Cartman snapped from the other side of the room where he was pouting over not being the center of attention. "I don't want to hear another word about them. And another thing, I don't believe for a second that he's an imposter! He looks like the king, and if he had robes on surely everyone else would agree! So unless someone can procure proof, I've got all the evidence I need right here in front of my own eyes!"

"Oh, for the love of- fine," Kenny snapped. "We'll figure this out later."

And then he was gone. Or she? Kyle still wasn't sure.

"Isn't the Princess lovely?" Butters asked dreamily. "I was talking to her yesterday and she promised later she would show me her-"

"Yeah, yeah, we all heard her. I know all I need to know," Kyle cut him off, punching Cartman in the arm on his way out the door. "If none of you idiots can help me, I'll figure this out for myself."

And that's how Kyle found himself drinking in a bar, or maybe it was more akin to a tavern, out on the outskirts of town.

"Another beer," Kyle slurred, slumping over in his chair. His hair was a mess from his traipsing through the woods, his hat long abandoned. His clothes were all full of holes now, and he surely looked like a bum.

Which is maybe why the first person to sit beside him clearly looked homeless. Oh, god, and like he wanted to talk.

"Not to be rude," Kyle began. "But if you're just here for chatter, don't bother. I'm not in the mood."

The young man simply shook his head and looked over at Kyle, his face mostly obscured by a tanned hood, except for two bright blue eyes that shone with a familiarity Kyle couldn't quite place. "Well, then, it's a good thing I hate pretentious idiots who fall out of the sky," he said with a small chuckle.

"Oh, jeez, can we just skip all the- wait, *Craig*?" Kyle cried, turning to face the man, who pulled back his hood to reveal black hair and the unmistakable features of Craig Tucker.

"No," he replied, confused. "My name is Feldspar. Now who the fuck are you?"

"Kyle," the redhead replied. "How..." he lowered his voice. "How did you know I'm not from here?"

"Because Princess Kenny sent me," Feldspar replied. "I don't listen to authority, but the Princess was kind to my Barbarian once. So here I am, on a favor."

"Oh," Kyle acknowledged. "Right."

Feldspar nodded. "I have a very special message for you, visitor."

Kyle tilted his head. "And what would that be?"

Instead of answering right away, Feldspar ordered himself a drink, and kept Kyle waiting in suspense. As Kyle was just about to tell him to forget it, the noirette replied, "She says she'd be happy to visit the Grand Wizard and tell him in person who you are, but you and I will have to retrieve her together and bring her to Kupa Keep. It's a perilous journey, full of danger, but we can do it in just two days time."

Kyle nodded, letting his words sink in. "Is there a catch?"

Feldspar nodded. "There's another part to my offer, traveler," he continued. "I've also been sent with a special potion that can send you back to your homeland. No catch there, it's just a one-way ticket."

"A one-way ticket?" Kyle repeated.

A Chance To Bloom

"Man, you're slow on the uptake," Feldspar smirked. "But yeah, that's it. Just like I said."

Kyle nodded again. "So...what are you trying to tell me?"

Feldspar sighed, like he hated having to explain himself more than once. "I'm telling you that you have a choice, visitor. You have a chance to save this land, and a chance to go home. No one knows how long that portal that brought you here will stay open, but this potion will ensure you can fly back up out of here. And no one knows if the Elf King is still alive, much less the knight he was trying to save, but Princess Kenny will ensure you have the opportunity once she's explained to the Wizard who you are."

"Oh god," Kyle murmured.

Feldspar nodded, though his impassive facial expression didn't indicate if he understood how Kyle was feeling. "The options have been presented," he continued, "and only you can make the call that's right for you. So...what will it be?"

@degenerate_ari

CARTMANLAND
KEEP OUT!
S5:E6

KYLE
POST COVID
NAHOMO
KYLE BROFLOVSKI
STOP IT!
Sounds good, Kyle
ARGHHH

K
KOWA
ROSENBAUM

"T nically-d ed fe iac c zac."
KYLIE
ck the baby!"
"Oh, I'm swell,
I popped my hen
trying to climb the fe
Cartmanland and it got
I really need to go to the ba
but if I do, it will pop again
pain will make me pass ou
How are you?"
Goodbye Willy
1

wahqk

D.NOSKAB

Time Flies (When You're Having Fun)

LadyFeldSpar

StripetheGuineaPig

Bright sunlight streams in through the lone window of the Broflovski's attic as Kyle pushes aside the heavy brown curtain, sliding it all the way to the right. A few little clouds of dust puff up from the fabric, tickling the redhead's throat when he doesn't pull back fast enough, causing him to cough harshly; the sound seems much louder than it should as it echoes throughout the otherwise silent room. Once he's recovered, Kyle flips the lock on the window and pushes it open, letting in both the warm late August air and the noise from the street below. He leans his upper body out, half-perching on the windowsill, and looks down.

There's a group of kids, none of whom could be any older than ten, out playing in the middle of the road, completely unconcerned about the possible danger they're putting themselves in by choosing that location for whatever game they've decided to play. A faint smile spreads across Kyle's face as he watches them divide themselves into two groups, remembering a time when he himself had also been full of that kind of oblivious, elementary school arrogance. The idea that someone might have the audacity to drive a car through *his* recreational territory was absurd. Residential streets were for pretend Elven kingdoms and epic superhero franchise battles, not boring, real-world responsibilities like driving home from work to get dinner on the table.

One of the kids lets out a sudden screech and lunges at another member of his own team, knocking them both to the ground as they begin to tussle. A couple of the other kids immediately jump in to try to pull them apart, and Kyle's ghost of a smile blossoms into a huge grin. Now *that* is something he's definitely familiar with. He wonders if those kids are all close friends the way that he and his friends were, or if they're just acquaintances that have happened to end up in the same friend group together just by association. He hopes it's the former; if there's one thing Kyle has learned about friendship over the years, it's that it's a fragile, precious thing, and something to be treasured – just

like childhood itself, he thinks to himself, a pang of nostalgia hitting him straight in the heart. He may only be fourteen, but Kyle is already feeling the melancholy that comes with change.

He's too old to run around and play in the street without a care in the world now; he's almost in high school, after all. In less than a week, he'll be walking into South Park High, armed with an honors class schedule and precisely zero knowledge of what to expect from the next four years. If he's honest with himself, he's dreading it, but at the same time, he knows that he can't go back in time, no matter how optimistic he may have been about that very thing in the past. He's about to start a whole new era of his life, an era that will lead him closer and closer to adulthood, and further and further from magic kingdoms and the miracles of superpowers. But despite how often he tells himself that he needs to move on and let all that go, Kyle knows that he's always going to remember those days with fondness.

Behind him, the attic door suddenly slams open with a crash, startling Kyle and almost sending him tumbling right out the window. "Jesus Christ!" he blurts out, just barely managing to catch himself on the ledge.

"*Okay*, Kyle!" Ike announces as he clambers his way up the rest of the ladder, waving a crumpled piece of notebook paper around in the air. "I got your stupid cryptic note, what do you want?"

Casting one last look down at the kids on the street, Kyle turns away from the window and grabs two folded-up lawn chairs that are leaning against the wall. "Here," he says, striding over and holding one of the chairs out to his younger brother, "sit."

"Why?" Ike asks, his eyes narrowed suspiciously, but he unfolds the chair anyway. He eyes the cheap plastic seat. "What did you do to it?"

"Just sit down, Jesus." Kyle rolls his eyes, flipping his own chair open and setting it down carefully on the floor. Leaning over, he pulls a cardboard box out from a pile of similar cardboard boxes, and then sits down, leaning as far back as the flimsy lawn chair will allow.

After a moment, Ike follows suit, gingerly lowering himself onto his chair, looking like he expects it to give out at any moment. "What's that?" he demands, his gaze locked on the box in Kyle's arms.

"Something very special," Kyle replies ominously. "But before I can show you, I need to tell you something. You'll only be ready for what's inside here," he shakes the box lightly for emphasis, "*after* you've listened to everything I have to say. Do you understand?"

"Oh my God, do you hear how lame you sound?" Ike snickers, ducking out of the way when Kyle leans forward to swat at him with one hand. "You're like Dad, whenever he's trying to lecture us." He puffs out his skinny ten-year-old chest as much as he can, sitting up straight in the chair and says, in an exaggerated impression of Gerald Broflovski's voice, "Now, boys, you listen up because I'm only going to say this once: *water*...is *wet*."

Despite the fact that Ike is ruining the moment in the way only a little brother can, his impression of their dad is so ridiculously terrible that Kyle can't help but laugh. "Okay," he relents, relaxing his somber demeanor a bit, "I get it, I'll try to tone it down. But I do mean it." He taps the side of the cardboard box in his lap. "I do have something important to give you. Do you think you can shut up for ten minutes or am I gonna have to get the duct tape?"

"*Ten* minutes?" Ike groans dramatically. His eyes widen a bit when Kyle rummages around in another nearby box and holds up a roll of shiny silver duct tape threateningly. "No, okay, sorry, Ky." He mimes zipping his lips and then flashes Kyle two thumbs up.

"Like I was saying." Kyle slips his hand through the roll of duct tape, letting it slide down onto his wrist, just in case. "The things in this box are..." He trails off for a moment, gazing thoughtfully at the side of the box, the words that had used to be printed on it having faded away long ago. "...they're really special, even though they might not look like much," he finishes. "And they got me through a *lot* of tough times back in the day – back when I was about the age you are now, actually."

Ike cocks his head, mildly curious as to what exactly Kyle is referring to, though he would never admit it. Caring about your older brother is *so* first grade.

"The thing is, I'm way too old for them now." There's a hint of melancholy in Kyle's voice that catches even him by surprise, even though it shouldn't. It's not like he hadn't ever given any thought about what would happen to the things in the box when he outgrew them, but for some reason

saying it out loud suddenly makes it feel real, like he's slamming a door on time itself. "So I wanted to give them to you. I know that you and your friends aren't necessarily into the same kind of stuff that the guys and I used to be, but I'm still hoping that maybe these," Kyle lifts the box off his lap and sets it on the floor, where he scoots it over in Ike's direction with his foot, "might be able to do for you what they did for me."

Leaning forward, Ike snags the box by one of its open top flaps and pulls it close enough that he can reach inside. His expression of excited anticipation gives way to one of doubt and confusion when he pulls out an old, partially bent red and yellow kite with varying colors of small ribbons attached to its tail. "What the hell is this?" he demands, eyeing the kite dubiously, turning it over to check if maybe there's something more noteworthy on the other side of it. Part of the string tangles itself around his wrist, and when he goes to unravel it, he ends up pulling something else out of the box that the string is connected to: a small belt, sewn onto some sort of light blue jumpsuit type of outfit with some kind of head covering. Ike looks up at Kyle, "Are you fuckin with me?"

Kyle flinches at the curse word; never mind that he's said far worse things in his fourteen years of life – hearing his little brother swear will never *not* be weird. "No," he replies, shaking his head, lifting an arm to keep his trademark green ushanka from slipping off. Of all the things that he's outgrown, he's having the most trouble letting go of his hat. "I'm not."

"Kyle." Ike frowns down at the string around his wrist as he fights to untangle it. "Dude, this thing looks like a condom." Finally freeing himself, he drops whatever questionable kite monstrosity he's been holding onto the attic floor, scooting his lawn chair a couple inches away from it. More to himself than Kyle, he mumbles, "Anything else in here?" and digs in the box again. Grasping a handful of something thick and velvety, he pulls out a bundle of dark red and golden fabric, which turns out to be a robe of some kind, with a piece of rope threaded through the belt loops located around the waist of it. "Huh," Ike muses, "This is actually kinda cool." Laying it across his lap, he peeks in the box one more time, his face falling a little when he sees what the last item is. "Uh..." Carefully lifting out a wooden crown, sloppily carved out of an old branch of an oak tree, Ike makes a face. "It's...a bunch of sticks."

Time Flies (When You're Having Fun)

"Are you finished?" While Ike had been providing his professional, snarky, fourth-grader critiques of some of Kyle's most prized possessions, the redhead had folded his arms across his chest. Scowling at this little brother, he huffs, "That stuff is *way* cooler than you think it is!"

"Um, yeah, I hear you," Ike says, eyeing the roll of duct tape around Kyle's wrist in case he needs to make a quick getaway, "but...*why*?"

"Because it's not just about the costumes, Ike. It's about what they represent," Kyle states, his stance softening when he sees a tinge of curiosity in his brother's eyes. "Those two personas helped me through so many dark moments in my life. Mom and Dad's constant fighting just faded into the background every time I put on that crown," he pauses, gesturing to the wooden crown situated on Ike's lap, "and became the Elf King. Somehow the problems I was facing in my real life seemed so small when I had to ensure the safety of an entire kingdom."

"Wait, I remember!" Ike blurts out, "Didn't you steal Dad's golf clubs to go beat up some kid? Man, Mom was so pissed when she heard about that!"

Kyle clears his throat, choosing to ignore that particular comment and move right along. "Look, what I'm saying is that sometimes when shit is going down in real life, it's nice to have something else to focus on that...makes you feel like you have more control over your life, I guess. Wearing that crown and leading everyone in battle...it grounded me. It kept me from completely spiraling into a hopeless pit of despair. Do you know how hard it was to pretend like things were okay and that Mom and Dad weren't seriously considering getting a divorce?" He sighs. "But I didn't have to deal with any of that as the Elf King. Those were all *Kyle*'s problems. Get it?"

Ike still doesn't seem quite convinced. "I don't know," he says, giving the costume in his lap another quick look. "It kinda sounds like that thing I saw on TikTok, that dis..." He pauses, scrunching up his face as he tries to remember, "...dissociative identity disorder? Like...Ky, if you really thought you were like, King of the Elves, isn't that...weird?"

"Weirder than the stuff you and your little Minecraft girlfriend get up to?" Kyle fires back, a smug look blossoming across his face when Ike's cheeks redden. "Yeah, you know I can hear you when you're playing at night, right? Your walls aren't soundproof." He nods to the other outfit on the floor. "Pick that up and I'll explain the story behind it."

"Why do I have to pick it up?" Ike whines. "It's your weird condom costume, *you* get it if you want it that bad."

Scowling, Kyle retorts, "I'll have you know that *that* is my superhero costume!"

His face contorting in disgust, Ike claps both hands over his eyes. "Ewwww, you dressed up as Captain *Condom*?" He shudders. "I *really* don't think I want to hear this story!"

"Well, you know what, too bad," Kyle snaps, his patience nearing its breaking point as he jumps up from his lawn chair and grabs the kite and all its accoutrements, shaking his fistful of fabric in Ike's face. "And this *isn't* a *condom*, it's my Human Kite costume!"

"Human Kite, Human Condom, same thing," Ike snickers, ducking his head when Kyle throws his arm up, brandishing the roll of duct tape. "*God*, I'm just *joking*, why are you so pissy about this stuff? They're just stupid costumes."

Kyle considers, just for a second, throwing his little brother right out the attic window, but ultimately decides against it – solely because he doesn't want to have to explain another emergency room visit to his mother. Instead, he closes his eyes briefly, mentally counting to ten, and then exhales an exasperated puff of air. "They're not '*just costumes*'," he corrects, making air quotes to accompany his words. "Weren't you listening to me? They represent so much more than that!" Nodding to the Human Kite costume, he continues, "Like this one. It's not *just* about the clothes and the kite, Ike, it's about what being a superhero *meant* back then."

"And that would be?" Ike asks, attempting to raise one eyebrow but not quite managing it.

Not for the first time, Kyle wonders to himself if he had been that much of an infuriating asshole at ten years old. He sure *hopes* not, but a little guilty tingle in the back of his mind tells him otherwise. "It's..." The redhead sighs, raising his eyes to the ceiling as he ponders how to approach this one. "It made me a better person," he finally says, slowly, weighing each word carefully on his tongue before he lets it out. "I mean, you can only pretend to be something for so long before it starts to actually become a part of who you are, you know? We were

just playing a game back then, but even if the story stuff wasn't real, the morals and ethical code we followed *were*." He holds his old hero costume up, running the fingers of his free hand along the edge of the kite as he continues, "And sticking so strictly to those morals meant that no matter how pissed off I got at where Cartm– *anyone*," he corrects himself, because realistically Cartman hadn't been the only one who be an annoying douche back then, "took the game in a direction I didn't like, I was able to keep himself from falling victim to acting on emotion and doing douchey things, like sucker punch the shit out of someone in the No Fighting Zone." His eyes narrow for a moment as another memory flashes through his mind, but he shakes his head to clear it in seconds. "Living life with a hero's mindset gave me so much perspective and taught me to *never* give up on doing the right thing, and I've carried that with me ever since."

His words hang heavy in the air between them, Ike actually uncharacteristically silent following Kyle's dramatic monologue. The younger Broflovski looks like he's been genuinely moved by his brother's words. Outside the window, the sounds of the kids playing on the street rises up again, and they both turn to look, despite not being able to see anything but the bright blue sky. After a few moments, Kyle speaks again.

"I know it sounds like I'm trying to suck all the fun out of being a kid by trying to assign a bunch of meaning to things that shouldn't be taken so seriously," he says, carefully setting the kite costume back inside the cardboard box on the floor. Sitting back down in his lawn chair, Kyle runs a hand through his dark red curls, his eyes still on the window. "But I promise, I'm trying to do the opposite – I *want* you to have fun, Ike, for as long as you can. You have no idea how fast time moves when you're not paying attention, or how easily you can lose touch with people you were once close enough with to fight nightly battles against cardboard dragons together." He looks down at his lap, tapping his fingers against his leg, to the tune of their old Freedom Pals anthem he only barely remembers the words to. "The most important thing I learned through everything I've just told you is that you *have* to treasure the good times, while you're in them. Go outside, play pretend, make real memories. Cause one day..." Kyle pauses, before lifting his head, looking at Ike with the most serious expression he's had on his face for this whole conversation, "...those memories might be all you have left."

Time Flies (When You're Having Fun)

"Kyle!" Sheila Broflovski's voice suddenly cuts through the air, from just below the attic's entrance. "Could you come down here please? My laptop is doing that blue screen thing again, and I can't seem to get it to stop!"

Rolling his eyes, the redhead stands up, hollering back, "Coming, Ma!"

Before he begins to climb down the ladder back to the main floor, however, he first crosses the room, back over to the window. Ike, still strangely silent, watches as his brother steps over another pile of boxes on the left side of the window, slips his hand underneath the curtain, and flips a switch. With a shrill, angry creaking sound, a metal bar unfolds from where its been hidden against the wall just above the top of the attic window; when it stops, at a ninety degree angle, Ike can see that it's one of those zipline things, connected to a cable that leads somewhere outside.

"One last thing," Kyle says with a small smile as he heads towards the attic's door. "Life can be pretty fucked up sometimes, and you never really know what it's going to throw at you...but you should *never* be afraid to fly."

Once Kyle has gone, off to try to explain to their mother why she can't run fourteen different streaming services *while* playing The Sims on her ancient laptop, Ike looks down at the Elf King costume in his lap and then at the Human Kite costume inside the cardboard box at his feet. He lifts the wooden crown and hesitantly sets it on top of his head, mildly surprised when it seems to fit him perfectly. He gets to his feet and drapes the velvet robe over his shoulders, tying the rope belt around his waist. Picking up the Human Kite costume, he makes a face before ripping the kite part free from the jumpsuit, deciding that even if Kyle thought it was cool to look like an adult contraceptive, he is adamantly against it.

Ike pulls the kite onto his back and walks over to the attic window. Looking up at the zipline thoughtfully, he reaches up, grasping the handle with both hands. "You want me to fly, Ky?" he says to himself, pushing off against the floor with his feet. "Let's go!"

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KYLE
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CAPTAIN
@ARONCHA_ARTX

feddybearsouls

R.I.P
Princess Kenny
R.I.P
Wizard King
R.I.P
Marshmaker
Long Live the King Elf

CHEESY POOFS

Mist

Niiary

Dry leaves slowly sway to the ground, barely making any noise as they're plucked from tall trees around him. Their height is imposing, and their beauty is breathtaking, and Kyle wonders how such a magical place could exist in the middle of such a noisy, polluted city.

Ping.

He looks down at his cell phone and unlocks it, hoping to find a new message from his chats, but instead, the notification is from his water intake tracking app reminding him to drink a glass of water. He sighs softly as he deletes the reminder and opens his group chat, as if it'd summon his friends' attention, but it's been a barren land for five days. The last thing that he'd sent was a sticker of a woman shutting a car's window in response to a bizarre comic Kenny had sent, and neither Stan nor Cartman had reacted to any of it.

He mourns their dynamic.

When he moved out of state to attend college, he'd been eager to leave most of his old life behind as he hated the suffocating monotony South Park had to offer, the freezing weather and the lack of opportunities. Yet now that he'd spent some months living in a warmer, bigger place, he'd begun missing the worst aspects of his hometown; and the best ones, too, like knowing he could count on being recognized and helped by any neighbor, no matter how weird they were, or like hanging out with his friends whenever he wanted. Now, he could only expect brief text messages every now and then that made him long for the hugs, punches and kicks they'd playfully give each other when they were together.

One winter, he remembers, they were playing a game of who'd be able to step on each other's feet the most times, and whoever won would get thirty dollars. After half-an-hour into the game, Kenny was the one with the most points and was rubbing it in their faces, when Cartman demanded a re-match. Kenny accepted, and as Cartman tried to furiously stomp his feet multiple times, Kenny nimbly jumped back. Stan and Kyle

cheered him on and on, but their loud voices turned into gasps when Kenny landed on a slippery spot and rolled backwards into the lake. Kyle doesn't remember how they managed to pull him out, but what he does remember is that while they accompanied him to his house, a drenched and shivering Kenny muttered, "You assholes owe me fifty bucks."

Back then he'd been profusely worried about his well-being, but now the memory makes him laugh, and it's enough to get a weird look from a woman sitting on a bench nearby. Embarrassed, Kyle's face warms up and he hastily keeps his cell phone before leaving.

Living in a big city has been a dream come true, but has also made him feel small and skittish, since he's realized that all he's read and researched about it is not quite true; the more he sees, the more ignorant he feels, while in South Park he was overly confident about the territory and his knowledge and ambitions were too big to be kept there.

As he walks through pathways to leave the park, he starts sweating due to the heat and regrets coming there instead of going straight to his apartment after class. He's supposed to work on some essays and read some articles, and he'd come here to distract himself from his loneliness, yet it hadn't worked.

He used to think people at his high school in South Park were nasty and overbearing, but he'd realized that dynamic was more honest than the one he's experiencing with his peers now. He's tried to make friends, but all they do is smile at him and 'include' him in their group for a few hours, only to isolate him without any reason at all. It didn't help either that he had overheard them once and realized they intentionally hadn't added him to their friend group chat.

Close to a 7/11, he decides to stop by just because he sees a blond-haired guy with a big orange jacket. He stares for a second until someone pushes past and insults him for blocking the sidewalk, so he hurries to get inside. He pretends to look at discounted candies and snacks until he gets the chance to look at that person when they walk down the aisle, only to realize that the man's too old to be his friend.

As he keeps walking to his apartment, from far away he sees someone with a mop of black hair standing on a balcony next to a fat brown-haired person. He does a double take and realizes they're two younger women. With his chest feeling heavier, he continues on his way.

Arriving 'home' fills him with dread and making his way up to the second floor of the building, stair by stair, is taking more and more effort than it normally would. He considers melting against the railing until he feels strong enough to continue, until he hears loud voices. The apartment complex is usually pretty quiet, so there's definitely *something* off. His heart begins beating faster as he pushes himself up to the front of his apartment and he stops breathing as he recognizes some of those voices- but, no, he's convinced he must be hallucinating, because he's sure his roommate is on his own, studying.

In one swift motion, he takes out his keys from his pocket, opens the door hard enough to make it crash against the wall, and almost faints with the sight of his three friends sitting on the couch. He stays still, unbelieving, until they open their arms and yell his name. Kyle sprints and jumps to embrace them, accidentally punching Kenny in the face, but instead of reprimanding him, he cackles.

Kyle pulls back to properly look at them and has the urge to pinch himself. He opens his mouth a couple of times, but no words come out.

"Spit it out." Cartman demands, smug enough to be taken as a way of caring.

"H-how? Why?"

"Your roommate opened the door." Stan says, grinning wide.

"*And* we're gonna stay the weekend." Kenny says while throwing up his arms.

Kyle laughs and tears begin prickling the corners of his eyes. He hugs them again, though briefly, because an important question comes up: "How the fuck did you get the money to get here?"

Cartman snorts. "Don't ask."

Stan shrugs, feigning innocence, and Kenny nods solemnly.

Kyle's sure he's not getting any work done that day or the following two, but he doesn't care at all. He's happy for the first time in weeks.

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KYLEY
KICK THE BABY!
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HEY!
Click!
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Coronation Day

Kenny

Prince Kyle Broflovski of the Elven kingdom known as Larnion had been on the road to be king since before he was ever born. And with how powerful his kingdom was, the pressure was...intense, to say the least.

This is the norm for royal families. The King and the Queen would have a child who would one day marry and rule their kingdom. If they had multiple kids, then great, they could marry them off to other kingdoms to maintain peace. Kyle knew as much, and being a solid five years older than his adopted brother, he knew that one day he'd rule and have to say goodbye to him.

Except that wasn't the case for Larnion's royal family. Queen Sheila decided, when Ike Broflovski turned 15 years old, he would stay in the kingdom, despite being from and most likely being the key to a trade agreement between Larnion and the Southern Kingdom. Her actions sparked so much controversy among her citizens that she and King Gerald were forced to retire to keep civil peace amongst their kingdom.

Which led to present day Larnion, seven hours before Kyle's coronation to take over the throne, and if all went according to plan, seven hours before the peace between Kupa Keep and his kingdom would finally be restored. To say Prince Kyle was nervous was...a gross understatement.

He sporadically combed through his thick head of red-hot curls, knowing his handmaids were pestering him outside his bedroom door but ultimately being too nervous to actually approach them yet. He scrunched a hand in his hair and growled.

What was he doing? He wasn't a little kid anymore; he was 20 years old and was capable of running a kingdom alongside his little brother. Hell, he could just marry immediately after his coronation if he wanted. It was a Larnionian tradition for the Queen to take on more kingdom

affairs than the King anyway— no, no. That would be running away. He could marry for love and rule in the meantime. He could do it. He could. He could—

Coronation Day

A sharp knock, cut off during the second, prefaced a yelling match between what Kyle assumed was one of his handmaids and a masculine voice he didn't immediately recognize. He jumped, tilting a pointed elven ear towards the door to see if he could hear their argument better.

The masculine voice was louder. "*...Are you new here!?*"

"*No, and I don't appreciate being talked to like that by a little boy like you!*" Admittedly, this made Kyle giggle.

"*I'm the Prince's right-hand man! And I'm, like, twenty years old, dude!*"

Silence lingered for a few seconds. And then there came another knock.

"*Your Highness? A young man claims to be your...Second-in-command, I believe he called himself?*" The lady sounded irritated, the edge in her tone earning a groan from the aforementioned young man. Of course, by now, Kyle was aware of who she was arguing with.

"Argh— Kyle, dude, it's me! Stan!"

"I'm—" Kyle suppressed a giggle, covering it with a choked cough. "I could hear that. Ah, Ms. Red," he addressed his handmaid by her first name, "I'll let him in. You can leave now."

With a final scoff from Ms. Red and a sashay away as her heels clicked against the enchanted wooden floor, Kyle clicked the door open and was immediately greeted with a hug from the other boy. He returned it almost feverishly, whatever styling he'd done to his mess of curls already being messed up and they'd been done for barely twenty minutes, max.

"Dude, are you okay?" Stan asked, giving him a final squeeze of affection for good measure before finally pulling away. "I can't tell if you look princely or, like, a mess."

Kyle shook his head. "I'm so nervous, dude! The coronation is in, like, a couple hours and I'm nowhere close to being ready, much less having a speech prepared, or- or being able to run well or something—"

"Hey, woah man, chill out!" Though he'd just pulled away, Stan's tanned hands were back to the prince's shoulders. "Seriously, how bad could ruling Larnion be? Remember what your mom said?"

Coronation Day

Kyle shook his head, blinked, then nodded slowly. “This is a peace treaty…”

“Yeah!” Stan smiled. “Princess Kenny’s gonna, uh…fuck, what’d she say…she’s gonna knight you when the sun’s at its highest and it’ll, uh… whatever, it’ll be the peace between us! And that’ll be on you since it’s *your* coronation, yeah?”

Kyle shook his head again, loose curls falling over his eyes and only making his frustrations worsen. “It’s the Southern Kingdom I’m worried about. Ike was supposed to be married off to them so we could get a truce there as well, but my mom didn’t want him in some foreign land, and…” He thought for a moment. “And the rumor of the Dark Kingdom rising again! Stan, I can’t rule when a literal kingdom of evil is probably coming back to life!”

“Okay, but it’s not like we’re the only ones who’ll be fighting if they do rise again. There’s still Kupa Keep, and the Southern Kingdom, and the Girls tribe and the Goths tribe…Larnion isn’t the center of the universe, y’know.” Stan explained, pacing around the room before settling on the foot of Kyle’s bed. The prince could only nod.

“And if the Southern Kingdom decides to go to war for Ike?”

“They *won’t*, but if for some reason they do, then we can just deal with it when we get there!” Stan flopped onto his back, the metal of his official knight outfit clinking against the petrified wood of the Elven prince’s bed. He made a noise of discomfort as his back hit the bedding. “Seriously, Ky, nothing to worry about. Just get your coronation over with and start dealing with kingdom matters like, later or something.”

Kyle groaned. His eyes wandered from Stan, to the mirror hung idly on the wall, to his own hands, a sigh escaping his throat. Stan was right. This was his coronation, a sign of peace between kingdoms and a celebration of a new ruler for Larnion, not an immediate declaration of war. He sighed and ran a hand through his hair, figuring he’d have to get ready eventually.

“You’re right,” he started, “I can’t just…mope around forever. Can you send the handmaids in here to help me get ready?”

“Kyle, you’re gonna be king, can you not dress yourself?”

Coronation Day

"Dress me yourself, then!"

"I'll get Ms. Red." Stan bowed to Kyle (he'd known his head knight right-hand man long enough to know this was a joke) before running out of the room, screaming for the woman he'd had a previous scuffle with.

This was it; he could hear it, hear everything, from the sound of a crowd outside forming a floor below him to even the ruckus that was the royal staff scrambling for everything to be good, to be right, praying to the Elven gods that everything went okay tonight.

Kyle could barely focus. His crimson-red robes felt itchy despite having undergarments on beneath them and Stan at his side was getting so antsy that it made Kyle more anxious and he couldn't remember at least half of his coronation speech—

"Kyle?"

He glanced over. First to Stan, who merely smiled in an...almost comforting way, had it not been for the sweat rolling down his forehead. He flashed a smile back and turned to the other side when his name was called again, and lo and behold...

"Ike!" Kyle threw his arms around his baby brother, quickly letting go when he remembered he had to look acceptable. "Ike, what are you doing here? You're supposed to be out there with Mom and Dad!"

"It was so boring out there!" Ike complained. "All the priest is doing is talking on and on, can't Mommy and Daddy just get dethroned already?" He threw his arms around dramatically, the bright blue of his own robes mimicking small wings.

Kyle giggled. "It's not that simple, Ike, there's a whole process to go through and—"

"I know that! But at the end of the day, aren't they just putting the crown on your head and you'll finally be king?"

"Well...yeah, but—"

Coronation Day

"Hey Ike!" Stan piped in, earning a slightly annoyed glance from the redhead. "Do you remember your tenth birthday party?"

Ike rolled his eyes, smiling. "Which one? The one you and Kyle threw for me or the official one?"

"The one Kyle and I stayed up all night to put together for you. Getting *the* Princess Kenny to be there before the official party was hard, y'know!"

"How could I forget! You spent so long just...talking beforehand, all I wanted to do was open my presents," Ike huffed as he crossed his arms. "But then it was over so quickly after that. Why?"

"Well, that's kinda like how the coronation is gonna go!" Stan smiled. "It's boring right now but once Kyle actually gets his ass out there and is handed the crown?" He snapped his fingers, "It'll go by like *that*."

"But I didn't want that first party to be over so quickly."

"Well, maybe that was a bad example, but you, uh—"

"What he means to say is leave me alone so I can go become king!" Kyle cut in with a ruffle of his younger brother's hair. "Then we can do whatever you want, got it?"

Ike quirked a brow, his obviously non-Elven features more apparent with his micro-movements. "Anything?"

"Yep. King of Larnion can make whatever his little brother wants happen, right?" "Yay!" Ike ran, crashing into Kyle with a soft thud. "Thank you, Kyle! I love you!!"

Kyle laughed, meeting Stan's eye before hugging back. "I love you, too. Now, get back out there before—"

"*And now presenting, Prince Kyle Broflovski of Larnion!*"

"—go get coronated...speaking of," Kyle smiled, "get out there! Go join Mom and Dad, I'll follow you."

Ike babbled on about how he didn't want to stand for that much longer before bounding out the dressing room door and down to the royal family.

Kyle tossed a glance to Stan, looking for reassurance in those baby

blues. His knight took a firm grasp on the king-to-be's hand, returning with the comfort his best friend needed. And really, that's all it was; all he needed was comfort from a good friend and his confidence was back. With a final deep, deep breath, long enough to at least attempt to calm his nerves and send oxygen throughout his veins, Kyle stepped out the door.

He could barely focus on anything when he stepped up to join the rest of Larnion's rulers, a screaming crowd filling his head more than his own anxiety could. He looked around, gulped, and waved, his smile that wavered with nerves turning to pure confidence when he saw the public's reaction to his person even being there. He let his hand fall and turned to the rabbi, an older man he wasn't quite familiar with, and nodded.

The rabbi (whose name, he discovered after a short whisper to his mother, was Maxi) spoke proudly to the audience, his ivory-white and glistening robes almost illuminating the abbey in the natural light of the Elven castle. And before Kyle knew it, he was upon the crowd giving an oath to his people, his home in Larnion, and the entirety of Southernpark's Three Kingdoms.

His oath was truthful. He wanted nothing more than to be a good king, to live up to his mother's name before her decision that ultimately got her dethroned, and the ancestors before him, swearing on his own life that he'd be the best leader he could be for his young age.

The golden, gemstone-encrusted crown of branches was placed in his thick head of red curls, almost an inferno through the combination of warm colors. He accepted it, knelt before the rabbi to claim the new accessory, and rose with the power of a god to face what was now his kingdom, where he ruled and everyone would bow down to him. And everyone did bow down to him: the kingdom's people, the rabbi, Stan, his own family...he could not let such a feeling get to his head.

Rabbi Maxi announced him king. King Kyle Broflovski of Larnion, one of the Three Rulers on their land. And he could not feel any better.

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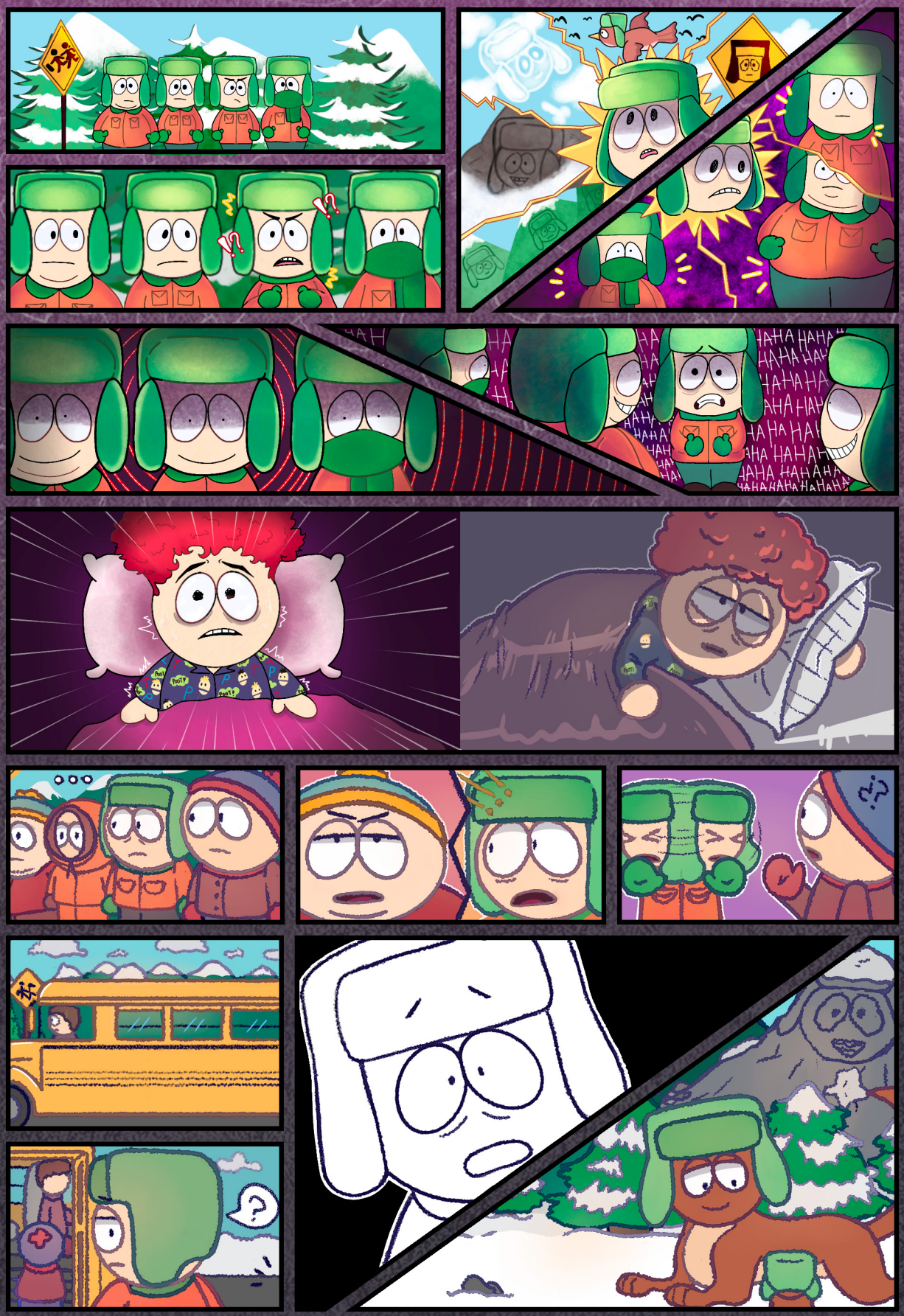

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Age UP
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Like a Mirror

Basu

Things went wrong. Very wrong.

In an effort to stop Cartman's ridiculous plans to kill his young self, Kyle ended up traveling to the past. Alone. How the fuck was he supposed to go back?

They were supposed to do this together. Yes, Cartman included. Despite everything, he was still part of the group. Everything would be easier if he wasn't, though.

He didn't even land right, materializing on top of a tree and then clumsily falling off it, hitting his head. Momentarily disoriented, he got up and tried to analyze where he was. It was a pretty green area, the woods, maybe?

"Look, let's just face it, you guys-" He heard a voice he hadn't heard in decades. His head whipped around, looking for its owner. His eyes spotted a bridge and his heart skipped a beat.

Oh.

"Are you seriously saying what I think you are?" his ten-year-old self spoke, disbelief in his tone.

"Alright, guys." And there he was, his voice as grating as ever. Cartman.

I guess it's time we all had the talk we never wanted to have.

Kyle had thought of this sentence for so long and yet, hearing it out loud...he couldn't help flinching reflexively. Frowning, he began walking towards them, towards the bridge. How many times had he dreamt of this moment? Of this very exchange? How many times had he hoped to react differently?

"Look, it's been a hard year." Stan declared, and it was almost intimidating how determined he sounded. Even to an old man like Kyle.

The very thought made him snort. He *was* an old man.

"I've been trying as hard as I can to hold things together..." Cartman added, and Kyle was surprised to note the genuine dejection in the words. He kept walking, though for some reason, it didn't feel like he was getting any closer. Nor did the voices sound closer to him.

In fact, it felt like he was getting further and further away from the bridge entirely. The small figures he could barely distinguish were getting even smaller. Was he walking backwards? What was going on?

He stretched an arm out, but it was futile. He couldn't reach them. Couldn't hear them anymore now. They were leaving. They were walking away. He tried to run after them; yet, no matter how much he moved, the distance only grew larger. He shouted at them.

They didn't hear.

Kyle watched himself sit on a bench, alone. His young version was very still, seemingly absorbed in his thoughts. Rather than just sad, he was shocked and confused. Trying to understand how the situation came to this. How could his friends grow tired of him...?

Was he tired of his friends? Well, yeah, he was. He never thought that would make them stop hanging out, though. It's not like he had ever contemplated a life without them in the picture. Annoying or not, they were part of his regular life, of his routine.

And he especially had not contemplated the idea of his friends being tired of him.

After a while, the kid got up and went to his house with an impassive expression.

Kyle sighed.

Any motivation Kyle ever had to solve the dispute with his friends as children had gone away. In fact, he could feel his determination wither

away the more days went by. How long was it that he had been in the past now? Weeks? A month maybe?

It was embarrassing to admit, but the past didn't feel so much different from his day to day life. It was uneventful, boring and monotonous. Actually, this was probably where it all had started. The moment where life had turned dull and repetitive. And, as horrifying as realizing that the past 40 years of your life had been the same, Kyle was just...

Used to it.

It was too easy to grow accustomed to this pace, and that's what he did. Slipped in the comfort of absolute nothingness in his everyday life. Sometimes he wondered if he was going to disintegrate and die randomly because this wasn't where he was supposed to be. Yet that thought was easily displaced by his mundane occurrences.

Even seeing his younger self had lost its novelty. He was used to it by this point. Wearing that stupid hat as a shield, as if the world hadn't forgotten about him already and moved on.

At first, child Kyle attempted to hang with other kids of his age, only to grow tired of them soon enough and give up. The discovery he was making this time, however, was that it was mutual. Kyle was so used to the hostility in his group that didn't pick it up as something unusual in these potential friendship groups. The eyerolls and the mumbling, the exasperation and the arguments. He thought of them as normal.

Turns out, most kids don't want to be in constant conflict.

"What are *you* looking at?!" Adult Kyle's introspection was interrupted and, when he looked up, he found two fiery green eyes glaring back at him. Oh, shit.

Acting as if he hadn't heard, he started walking back.

"Hey! I'm talking to you, old creep!"

The insult incensed him, and he turned around against his better judgment. "Who do you think you're calling a creep?"

Kyle's eyes widened, and he realized, belatedly, that he had made

things worse. “Who are you?” The anger was still there, now with a tinge of fear.

He covered his mouth in response, as if afraid some noise would spill out of his lips accidentally.

They stared at each other for an instant and somehow, that was more than enough for the younger Kyle to figure it out. His face went through a multitude of emotions before finally settling for a soft, “It can’t be...”

Somehow relieved the cat was out of the bag, he didn’t attempt to deny it. “It is.” In the distance, a glimmer of hope that he didn’t want to nurture yet.

“But how?” Kyle inquired, and there was skepticism in his expression. “Wait, this isn’t one of Cartman’s plans, is it?”

The question took him aback. Simply because, even with four decades of difference, it reflected his personality so well. “It isn’t. And it’s a long story.” He let his weight fall next to the boy’s on the bench.

The younger Kyle stared at the ground silently. After a minute or so, he spoke again. “Okay, so let me guess. You’re here to teach me some lessons?”

“Well, actually-”

“And you’re gonna tell me how to fix the broship.” Kyle crossed his arms, smugly. “I knew it, there was no way this would last forever. We’ve always been together so...” His voice trailed off upon seeing the adult’s sorry expression. “R-Right?”

The older Kyle inhaled heavily. “Kyle...”

“No...” The kid averted his gaze, in denial. “No way...”

“I’m sorry...”

“So we never become friends again?” Young eyes pierced into his soul, full of despair. “This is the end for us?”

“We meet again, 40 years later-”

"40 years later?!" Kyle repeated, incredible. "You didn't talk to them for 40 years?!"

"They left the town and I-"

"And you didn't stop them?!" The boy was shouting now, attracting some glances in the vicinity.

The older Kyle raised his hands in a pacifying manner. "You need to lower your-"

"No!" The small hand slapped his own away. "What the fuck? You didn't even do anything? You didn't try to stop your friends?!"

"*We* didn't do anything," he corrected him.

"No." Kyle refused, shaking his head. "You're not me. There's no way. There's no way I'd grow into such a..." His mouth opened and closed, and the elder could see himself searching for words.

"Failure?" he offered sarcastically.

"Pansy," the kid blurted instead, and the other had to do a double take.

"Excuse me?!"

"Yeah!" Kyle stood on the bench, as if he suddenly understood everything. "That's it! Cartman hired some loser to convince me I'd end up like him!" He glanced around. "The jig is up, fat ass! Come on out here!"

His motions were erratic, and something akin to a hysterical grin formed on the young Kyle's face. The denial was obvious, and the way he desperately called for Cartman struck a chord in the older Kyle's heart.

With dawning horror, he was reminded of his own refusal to believe that Cartman had turned Jewish and was a happily married man, as well as a loving father. His conviction that it was all a ploy to mess with him. That Cartman had spent 40 years scheming against Kyle. How could he not?

Did he always blame Cartman whenever he felt cornered, though?

What happened to taking responsibility for himself?

What happened to doing his best to learn and grow every day?

When did he become so stuck-up and stubborn?

Kyle looked at his hands, noticing the veins and wrinkles on his palms. He wasn't ten years old anymore. He had stopped being ten years old a long time ago, in fact.

But he had never changed. He had never stopped to watch and acknowledge the world changing around him. Everyone...ever endlessly changing and leaving. A part of him might have known. No, it did. He just didn't want to accept it. He didn't want to face this new world that kept going without him. He closed his eyes to it all, hoping that one day things would be normal again.

That his friends would come back, and they would hang together like usual.

Except that usual had slowly turned into unusual, into a distant memory, with the passage of time. Could you really call normalcy something that hasn't happened in decades?

It was the opposite, actually.

"Are you- Are you crying?!" he heard his young self ask in disbelief.

"Uh..." Kyle rubbed his eyes on instinct. It had been a while since he shed tears over...anything, really. "I guess I am" he said, and it struck him with painful clarity how much he sounded like his father.

"Wh...Why?!" his smaller version demanded, clearly disturbed.

Because I'm more similar to you than I wish I was.

Kyle cleared his throat, surreptitiously wiping his tears meanwhile. "You don't believe me, do you?" He smiled sadly. "Do you want proof?"

The other squinted in distrust. Cautiously, he took one step backwards. Kyle snorted. Did he suddenly remember he was supposed to be careful with strangers?

Without waiting for a response, he lifted his shirt, revealing a scar

where his liver should be. When young, that scar had become an annoying reminder that he was alive thanks to Cartman. And when he parted ways with his friends, a painful one.

That same pain was reflected in little Kyle's eyes, mixed with both shock and incredulity.

"We were saved by-"

"Don't say it," Kid Kyle cut him off with a grimace. With a resigned sigh, he sat back on the bench. "Seriously...?" he complained at the ground, the grass even.

They said nothing for a while, probably thinking of the same thing. Of how everything sucked and there was no hope.

"I came here to stop you guys from severing the friendship," the older Kyle finally confessed. "Back at the bridge...but I was too late." Memories began flooding him again, but he shook them away. "No." He frowned. "I got scared. It wasn't too late, I just didn't know what to do. I froze and let it happen." He saw his dispirited younger version next to him and suddenly was filled with determination. "We can fix this, we still can."

"No way..." Kyle hadn't stopped staring at the green, wet grass. "It's all over...I'm gonna be a loser..."

"Kyle!" He grabbed his own, smaller shoulders. God, he was seriously so small. "Listen to me, you can do this, but you're gonna have to do something you've never done before."

Slowly, the child raised his eyes. The smallest sparkle of hope was hiding in them. "What do you mean?"

Closing his eyes, Kyle inhaled deeply. "You're gonna have to reflect on yourself." He paused. "The way you've never done before." The way *he* hadn't before, either.

Younger Kyle blinked twice. "Huh?"

"You heard me."

"No, I didn't."

"Yes, you did."

"No, I did no-"

"Do you want your friends back or not?!" Adult Kyle shook the other's shoulders.

The kid flinched a little. "Y-Yeah."

"Then...you're gonna have to be more honest with yourself. And with them, too."

As expected, Kyle tried to act like he didn't get it. However, it was there, deep down. Faintly, almost imperceptible. Who else but himself to masterfully pick it up, though?

Fear.

"You're gonna apologize to Stan for being a distant friend. And no, it has nothing to do with Covid. This is from before, and you know it."

Kyle averted his gaze like the stubborn child he was. "Okay," he muttered.

"You should probably be nicer to Kenny too," he added.

The ten year old raised an eyebrow. "Sure? I've never had a problem with Kenny, though."

"Just listen to what I'm saying."

"Fine."

Kyle exhaled, eyes glued on his younger self. The next one wouldn't be easy, so he had to be careful with his words, or it could seriously backfire on him. Well, them.

"Then, there's Cartman-"

"I'm not gonna apologize to Cartman!" Kyle immediately interrupted. "And I'm not gonna be nicer to him either!" he continued, furious.

"No, fuck that!" the adult blurted out, with equal aggression. "He's a goddamn- Wait, what I mean is..." He scratched his head, looking for the

best way to word his thoughts. “Well…”

Little Kyle squinted at him. “What?”

“You…” Kyle gestured helplessly, at a loss for words.

“What?!”

“You like having him around,” he finally let out. “You enjoy having him in your life. He’s the fucking worst, I know, but-”

“You’re just fucking with me now.” Kyle waved his hand dismissively.

“No, Kyle, this is very important! I know how hard it is to hear this. Believe me, *I* would know better than anyone.”

“You’re just an old geezer deluded by nostalgia.” The child rolled his eyes.

“…Okay,” Kyle deadpanned, straightening himself. “I’m going to ignore that.” He glanced at the small being beside him. The boy had his arms crossed, this time out of annoyance. Trying to go for a more sympathetic approach, he stretched his hand to pat his back.

“Don’t touch me.”

Alright, he should’ve known better. His hand fell back to his side. “Listen, Kyle, I’m not saying your relationship is like the one you have with Stan. No, you fight- we fight with Cartman all the time, right? Right. That’s most likely not gonna change. I’m just saying…you have to recognize that you don’t…entirely hate him. Things are not the same without him.”

“Things are better,” the child said with gritted teeth, looking away.

“Remember what we used to say? ‘I learned something today.’ When was the last time we learned something, Kyle?”

Kyle’s jaw dropped, and the elder knew he had hit the bullseye. “That’s…”

“To grow, we need to keep learning things. Change and evolve, that’s the way to keep going. Hate and denial will only get you stuck, unable to move past it.” He eyed the snow-covered trees. “Take it from me… someone who didn’t grow.”

"So...are you saying that I need to stop hating Cartman to grow?"

"It's a start." Older Kyle chuckled. "If you accept that the most obnoxious person in your life isn't actually the worst thing that ever happened to you, then...you'll have an easier time with the realities of life?" He scratched his head, wondering if he was making sense.

"Hm..."

"Life is hard, Kyle." He raised his eyes to the sky, somehow feeling lighter. "Don't get stuck at the starting line."

"W-Will I really be okay if I do those things?" he heard his little self ask.

"You'll be better off than me, for sure." Kyle said before turning to the kid with a smile. "Just don't forget to keep moving."

The boy was still scared and trying to process all the information, but he nodded with determination, and Kyle nodded back at him. "Okay." His tiny feet landed on the ground.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah." The child was growing more confident by the second. "I'm gonna call Stan and get us all together. I'll talk to them. I will." He kept hyping himself out loud.

"You got this," Kyle encouraged him.

"Yeah..." Small Kyle stared at him, solemnly. "Thank you." It was curt, but it was genuine. And Kyle could tell because they were the same person.

"You're welcome, Kyle."

With one last nod, the child stormed off. "Wait!" he said, after a few seconds, turning around.

"Yeah?"

"I guess..." A childish giggle. "I guess I did learn something today."

Kyle snorted with amusement. "Yes, you did."

They smiled at each other, before the kid resumed his running, this time not looking back.

Even if a lot of things were still up in the air, Kyle felt oddly satisfied and hopeful after that conversation. If not for him, then at least for his younger, brighter version.

He glanced at the ground and noticed his feet were fading away. Like, dematerializing out of reality, disappearing into nothing.

Oh, it was really happening.

He had changed the course of the story, and now his current self was about to vanish out of existence. Most likely to make place for an improved, better Kyle.

A Kyle that did grow.

As his legs began disintegrating, Kyle swallowed nervously. What was going to happen to him? Would his new self remember something about the alternate timeline? Or will he have no idea?

Will the ten-year-old Kyle he just talked to remember him?

He closed his eyes when his torso began fading away, with the last image on his mind being that old picture he kept of his friends.

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Thank you!!

Thank you for downloading
The Three J's: Jewish, Jersey & Ginger ♥
You made our hard work worth it!

Thank you to all the artists and writers
that took part in this fanzine ♥
You're the soul of this project!

Thank you to our team of helpers ♥
You made the zine shine brighter!

Thank you Dae, for the beautiful cover
you poured your heart into ♥
I couldn't have asked for a better
expression of this project's spirit.

And special thanks to Shouri and Doctor,
because without them this fleeting idea
would've never become a reality. ♥
Words will never be enough to express my gratitude.

With that said, **let's keep it up for Kyle!**

BASU